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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, MAY 3, 1915.

THE PEOPLE AND THE WAR.

Now comes Enver Pasha, the real ruler of Turkey, with the declaration, "This is not a war of the Turkish government, but a war of the Turkish people."

It's getting to be an old story. There isn't a belligerent nation in Europe that hasn't solemnly assured the world of the same thing.

The Turkish merchant, in his little Constantinople bazaar, no doubt wanted to lock the door and march out on the Gallipoli peninsula to be bombarded with 17-inch shells from British dreadnoughts. The Moslem farmer on his peaceful acres across the Bosphorus was eager to hunt Russians, and to be hunted by them, in the bitter cold of a winter campaign in the Caucasus mountains. He begged Enver Pasha to give him a chance.

It was the same everywhere. The German factory worker pleaded with the kaiser to be allowed to leave his job and his wife and children and get a Cossack lance thrust through his breast. The Austrian peasant would not be content until he was permitted to leave his unharvested crops and march into Serbia, to surrender as a prisoner of war. The Russian moujik in his isolated village clamored for the right to be struck down by a German rifle ball and freeze to death in the snow. The French lad, busy with his vineyard work, sent petitions to Paris asking for war against Germany; the workman in Liverpool and the clerk in London and the farmer in Yorkshire wanted the government until he gave them the desired opportunity of standing day and night in wet trenches under a fusillade of devastating shells.

Everybody wanted to fight everybody else; everybody wanted to destroy property. Everybody wanted pain and sorrow and mutilation and wreckage and death. And they wanted these things so bad that their governments had to yield. There would have been a revolution in every one of the warring countries if the popular will for war had been opposed.

Well, maybe it was like that—and maybe it wasn't. Every American who knows anything about Europe or anything about human nature may judge for himself.

Nearly every war, once launched, of course becomes a "people's war." People will fight when war is started, no matter how bad the cause. National pride and patriotism drive them on, and in the stress of war passion they come to accept as truth the lies fed to them.

The nations of Europe, the people, are now unquestionably fighting each other with enthusiastic hatred, and perhaps with the belief that the war had to be. But who, among us, believes that the people themselves, in Turkey or anywhere else, if left to their own sensible devices, and not played upon and driven or coaxed into hostilities by scheming or blundering statesmen, would have chosen the war?

AS TO HUERTA.

Victoriano Huerta, deposed president of Mexico, lifts a corner of the veil of secrecy shrouding his visit to the United States, in a statement given front page prominence by powerful newspapers, long suspected of undue activity in Mexican political affairs.

The ex-dictator says the United States must lend its moral support to a "strong man" who can put down the revolution with an iron hand, and he makes a bid for that support.

In Huerta's statement there is much truth; it is, in fact, a lucid and accurate portrayal of conditions as they exist in that unhappy republic. Indeed, we are inclined to agree with him, as well, as to the remedy. Only the strongest kind of a man can hope to bring order from out the chaos now existing there.

There is not a real leader in Mexico today, not a man whose motives are entirely patriotic; all men and master alike, are, as Huerta says, after "free money and free women." This condition can only be alleviated by extreme measures. The self-chosen "generals" must be driven from the republic, the plundering bands broken up, and the real fighting men assembled under the command of a man of iron, who can and will, strike sure and swift to punish crime and suppress rebellion. And that man must have the absolute moral support of this country.

But that man must not be Huerta, traitor to his country and to his chief, willing tool of the scientific party, those tyrants whose acts of oppression and rapine brought on the first revolution, and who have abetted every one since that gave any promise of returning them to power.

We are sounding a note of warning. There are powerful influences in the United States which would welcome Huerta, clothed with supreme power in Mexico. Influences that are hard to combat, influences that will go to any length to accomplish their purpose, and which are already responsible for thousands of lives, sacrificed to their greed.

Huerta's visit, at the time when

Villa is apparently crushed, and Carranza discredited with the Washington administration by his own acts, followed by this article in a string of powerful papers is significant. Huerta alone is harmless; Huerta backed by the powerful scientifics, who have swarmed to this country, and supplied with American gold, is dangerous. We need to watch the bases.

THE "CABARET" FAD.

One of the most conspicuous crazes of metropolitan city life for the past two years has been the "cabaret" entertainments at restaurants and hotels. A dispatch from New York indicates that the proprietors are finding them too costly and would like to "chuck" them. Also the theaters are feeling the competition.

Judging from the generous space taken by advertising these resorts in the newspapers, they must have attracted a big business.

As a form of public entertainment they have seemed Frenchy rather than American. They appear suited to the atmosphere of "Gay Paree," where the favorite entertainment is not drama or athletics but sitting in the open-air boulevard restaurants and watching the styles go by.

The appetite of modern society is jaded, and it demands its constant novelties and spicy seasoning. Probably the "cabarets" were popular at first because they seemed foreign and Frenchy. The public demand is sensational, and it calls for color and motion and rag time and high kicking. The cabaret entertainments have been no better and no worse than theater performances. The footlights artists simply came down among the dining tables. The advanced modern American liked it because he could kill several birds with one stone, eat, drink, and see a vaudeville show at the same time.

For the mass of the people the exotic manners of New York city will not be necessary. Extraneous diversions should not be essential to make a well served meal palatable. If you are with friends, the social converse of the hour should be enough. Otherwise, the human drama played at the tables about you is cabaret enough. Fragments of conversation, the study of faces and observations of types, the speculation as to character and occupations, these alone make any public dining hall full of human interest.

CHECKING POSTER NUISANCE.

Some day we may catch up with Europe in signboard regulation. At present there is a strong tendency to restrict the defacing of landscapes. New York and Rhode Island have just enacted laws forbidding the posting of business or commercial advertising along any highway, or the placing of bills or billboards on private property without the consent of the owner. Measures of the same sort have already been adopted in other states. Pennsylvania, which has a fairly good law is making a special effort to enforce it. In Indiana it is left largely to the cities.

Though this policy means a considerable improvement, it doesn't really go very far, measured by foreign standards. In Great Britain and Switzerland it is an accepted principle that the public has a right not to have advertisements flaunted in its face. Ads "injurious to the landscape" must not be placed where the traveling public would be liable to look at them. It is unlawful to exhibit them where they are visible from any "carriage way, bridle way or foot way."

Americans are not so easily offended artistically as Europeans. Every year, however, there is greater indignation against the billboards and painted signs that spoil so many of the most beautiful scenes visible from train windows. We are more tolerant in the towns than in the country. Few self-respecting farmers would stand for the hideous advertising signs that form the dominant scenic note of nearly every city.

THE COL AND BILL.

If Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Barnes were to be caught taking a highball together, while holding a caucus in some quiet spot, we wouldn't be much surprised.

This libel suit has given the colonel a much desired chance to get in the public eye again, at a most opportune time, and fifty thousand is cheap enough for it.

We're blamed suspicious of ex-bosses of all descriptions, any way.

LESS WHISKY, MORE TEA.

The tea supply of the United States is running short. And the explanation given by George F. Mitchell, supervising tea inspector of the federal treasury department, is a curious one. He says that tea stocks are lower than they have been for decades, and the price of tea of all grades is advancing steadily, because of the increased consumption brought about by prohibition.

The war of course, has had some influence. It is estimated that 8,000,000 pounds of tea, some of it destined for this country, was sunk by German raiders in the early months of the war, and since the sea routes became safe

there has still been a lack of adequate shipping facilities. Nevertheless, if it were not for the rapid increase of "dry" territory in the United States, there wouldn't be any serious lack.

When people stop drinking whisky and beer, they must have a substitute; and though we've always been a nation of coffee drinkers, tea is said to fill the bill in such cases better than coffee. It has been the same in Russia, where the stopping of the vodka traffic has brought an enormous increased consumption of tea.

As between Boss Barnes and Teddy, says Nikola Greeley-Smith, a woman wouldn't hesitate a half-second; she'd take Boss Barnes. And she says, too, that Bill's face has a "swooping" look. Now how in thunder does a fellow have to arrange his face to give it a swooping effect?

TEMPORARILY FLOORED.

The United States Steel corporation cut dividends rather than cut wages. We heard of this decision several days ago, and will have some comment on it as soon as we catch our breath.

Turning from the heroic capture of hill 60, we observe that a young Turk has eloped with the 12 wives of All Ben Barbum, a perfectly good merchant of Smyrna.

Bully for Moody's manual organization. It explains the riotous stock market so we can understand it. Says it is merely the Wall street "bulls" foreseeing prosperity.

Eighty-two of Americans with incomes of \$500,000 or more live in New York, or else the revenue officers haven't caught all of them.

Remember that when your garden looks best to you, it also looks best to insects.

Seeing America First

By Fred Kelly.

From Diary:
 One sees so many aged people among the Mormons in Salt Lake City that one wonders if having several shifts of wives may not be less wearing on one's nerves than is commonly supposed. Mormons more than 30 years old, and yet fairly hearty, are frequently to be seen. I talked to one quaint old chap who said he was 93, and he told me he had once had a collection of four wives. He seemed good-natured and I made bold to ask him how he accounted for living to the age of 93, notwithstanding so many women folk to antagonize him. "Well," declared he seriously, "women all have their moods, and I always found that it was a good plan when one of my wives was not in the very best of humor to go and remain at the home of a wife who was. In that way I always kept myself surrounded by an atmosphere of peace and tranquillity rather than trouble and discord. It is, of course, extremely wearing on two people to have to live together constantly through one another's different moods. I don't say that anybody can live longer with four wives, but I myself always found it very pleasant. It was so nice to be able to associate myself with one who was cheerful and in good spirits rather than with one who was temporarily out of sorts."

There were many more questions that I wished to ask, but persons were about and feared they would regard the questions as too intimate. I learned to have the old man tell me what he did about his washing in the ultra-uxorious days when he was keeping four households. Did he have done regularly at one place always under the supervision of the same wife? Or did he change his clothes just wherever he happened to be staying, and have to call there for his clean underwear? Who did his darning?

And it occurred to me that it would be worth while getting the old man's point of view as to the advantages of four wives for one's own life. If a husband went down town of an evening and failed to get home by midnight, did each wife wait up for him? Or did each one simply assume that he had dropped in at the home of one of her associates? On the face of the thing, it looks as if a man must have had a rich opportunity for alibis. Still, the life may not have been so jolly after all. Imagine getting the grocery bills for your several establishments, and finding one greatly larger than the others, without any apparent reason for the discrepancy. Doubtless there were ploy-makers who made themselves extremely disagreeable in their more expensive households on the first day of each month.

Polygamy among Mormons is now barred by church and state and really seems to be a dead issue. As one young Mormon expressed it: "We of the younger generation would no more tolerate polygamy now than people down south would advocate a return to a system of slavery."

"I wondered, too, while in Salt Lake City, if those who practiced polygamy did not regret having to confine their matrimonial selections to the Mormon church. Beautiful women seemed to be in the minority about the Mormon tabernacle the day I was there. It occurred to me that if I were trying to make up a brace or a foursome of wives, I should prefer to do my shopping in New York city, let us say, or San Francisco, rather than in Utah."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Reminders from the Columns of The Daily Times.

Christian Bucher, an old resident of the county, died, aged 75. Will elix in Chicago today.

John Panches and L. H. Hulo made a big catch of fish at Vandavia yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thomas have returned from Evansville to again make their home here.

MADE IT ALL RIGHT.

"The convict who escaped was one of the most polite men in the prison." "Yes, even when he knocked the guard down, he said, 'Excuse the liberty I'm taking.'"—Baltimore American

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

You'd think people have trouble enough without looking for it, but it seems not.

SERVES HER RIGHT.

The Queen of May Is tied to a dreadful case of the pip; She was so indiscreet As to appear on the street With her winterwear packed in a grip.

Her mother was sad, And the Queen was mad, It spoiled all the fun of the day; Her nose it was red, When she went to bed.

Just because she had put them away, CARRYING the fight to the tight little isle seems to be Germany's favorite occupation, and we imagine it must be diverting to the English.

"ONE half the world," remarks an esteemed contemporary, "doesn't know how the other half finds out what it has been doing. Usually one half tells the other half confidentially."

IN addition to being an asylum for the oppressed the well known U. S. is rapidly becoming a hospital for cripples.

POSSIBLY ere this the cause of the seismographic agitation chronicled on Saturday has been revealed, and it is a comfort to find of the wall at our right and still it still standing, or standing still, as it were. Yet this comfortable feeling in no wise lessens our sympathy for the victims, wherever they may be. There can be nothing more dreadful than an earthquake unless it is a domestic disturbance.

WE are shocked by the audacity, not to say brutality of a newspaper, professing respectability, which characterizes feminine footwear of the kind you know as glaring. We should say twinkling or shuffling, not fit the case, or the feet, make it flashing. We cannot conceive any size or shape or color of feminine footwear as glaring.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY

In the opinion of the big newspaper publishers of the United States, gathered from all quarters of the nation to attend the annual convention of the Newspaper Publishers' association in New York city last week, a decided turn toward activity and prosperity characterized the spring business movement of the country.

This is the information brought home by Frank H. Burgess, manager of the Tribune, whose membership in the association he represented during the convention. Mr. Burgess, who returned to LaCrosse last night, was much impressed with the optimism which seems general throughout the country.—Tribune, LaCrosse, Wis., April 26, 1915.

Under any conditions of society boom times in industry will be warmly heralded. Their absence, bringing some suffering to all of us and want and misery to many, will be felt all ways—though the step before the millennium may dwell among mankind. Imperfect man can be depended upon to bungle the most perfect system.

So, for the great good it will bestow upon millions, not to mention some slight good we ourselves shall get out of it, it is worth while, at least to this time, to chronicle the unmistakable signs everywhere apparent of a return of prosperity in America.

Chimneys strangers to smoke for lo, these many months, are sending time and wreaths skyward, or getting ready to do so. Railroads recently granted an increase in rates, are ordering freely and getting ready for the complete revival in business they anticipate will be here before summer wanes.

Hotels are filling up with traveling men. Money—for you and us directly—is more plentiful in the banks; and the bankers say in newspaper interviews.

With half the world at war, and the world's only other great nation at

Little White Lies

—By Irene Weston—

Perhaps the proverb that the "end justifies the means" is the only thing that can be said in favor of "white lies." Personally I do not consider that anything can really justify a lie, white or otherwise. Certainly there may arise occasions when it is extremely difficult to avoid speaking the truth, and perhaps getting some innocent person into trouble. This state of affairs should never arise, and it would not if everyone had a nice sense of honor. The dangerous habit of lying is found in all ranks of life from the highest to the lowest, and it is this habit which has led to the necessity of using a "white lie."

Once, years ago, I took a girl of 16 to task for telling an untruth to an older woman who had been questioning her about some relation.

"You know your answer should have been quite the opposite," I know," she owned, but how could I tell her the truth?" She only asked out of pure naughtiness and curiosity. I like the A—, they are friends and I have no intention of taking part in a family quarrel. Why should I tell anyone about them?"

It is this point I want to illustrate. No person whether in authority or not has a right to ask anyone else questions from which she cannot expect an answer less than "white lies" in reply to her questions.

At first the "white lies" may be spoken with a sense of shame, a fear that the subterfuge may be found out. We hardly like to meet the person again for a few days. But one untruth, even the mildest of "white lies" will need another to justify it, and the first "white lie" demands an other to support it, and while the first was uttered with fear and misgiving, the others that follow become easier to utter, until at last there is no difficulty at all in using a "white lie." Among my own friends there are women who in theory would never descend to a lie, but who have been telling of "white lies" that they use telling of "white lies" that they use to support it, and while the first was uttered with fear and misgiving, the others that follow become easier to utter, until at last there is no difficulty at all in using a "white lie." Between our houses, I reached her

ing. Our observation teaches us that the other fellow does the glaring.

HAVING received no advice from D. S. M. for several weeks we conclude he has run into some convenient harbor for repairs with the prospect that he will interne.

NO golfer of our acquaintance has been able to lucidly explain why when he wishes to play exceptionally well he plays exceptionally poor. Just off-hand we assume the reason is temperamental, that able bodied word being the goat for most golfing favors.

Fancies.

Often in my bower at ease, I sit me down and think of these, Thy gifts and graces; T'en con thy treasures o'er again, Give to each of them a name, As suits my fancy.

Oh! maid so fair, all clothed in green, Ere others gin to call thee Queen, I'll name thee Spring— Spirit of the flowers and grove, Happy laughter, songs of love, Whispers of the wind.

A tuncful reed you blow for me, Pipe "lappy frolics on the sea, Following great Pan, Sweet perfumes then you scatter, Oh, well, does sorrow matter When Love is bright

F. S. F.

THE back to the land movement has a new recruit in our neighborhood. H. L. G. has appropriated a vacant lot next door to his house and the way he works is alarming to his most intimate friends. Some of the neighbors are afraid H. D. J., Jr., will catch the contagion.

AN article in the Literary Digest for April 24 commences—"Talking does not come naturally to a man, of course you have the drift by this time but we don't know how we can explain ourselves without using the word woman."

BUT why express it?

C. N. F.

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Electric Flat Iron
 Electric Washing Machine
 Electric Sewing Machine
 Electric Vacuum Cleaner
 Electric Toaster
 Electric Hot Plate
 Electric Chafing Dish
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 Electric Utility Motor
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Any one of them affords you the easiest, best and most convenient way of doing the work for which it is intended.

All of them form the greatest assets of the home—cleanliness, safety, economy and convenience.

We will wire your home, furnish fixtures and give you twelve months in which to pay.

INDIANA & MICHIGAN ELECTRIC COMPANY

220-222 W. COLFAX AV.

Bell 462.

Home 5462.

MONEY???

Why "ROB PETER TO PAY PAUL?" In other words—Why ask one Dealer you OWE to wait for his MONEY because he is LENIENT with you in order that you may PAY another OBLIGATION that is PRESSING. WHY NOT TREAT ALL YOUR CREDITORS ALIKE BY BORROWING MONEY FROM US TO "CLEAN UP?"

We will loan you the REQUIRED CAPITAL at 8% per annum (OUR only charges, as we take no CHATTEL MORTGAGES) and accept SMALL WEEKLY PAYMENTS on THE PRINCIPAL.

THRIFT means GOOD MANAGEMENT. A MORRIS PLAN SAVINGS ACCOUNT PAYS 5% INTEREST and shows "THRIFT." Come in and get the "PLAN" today.

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